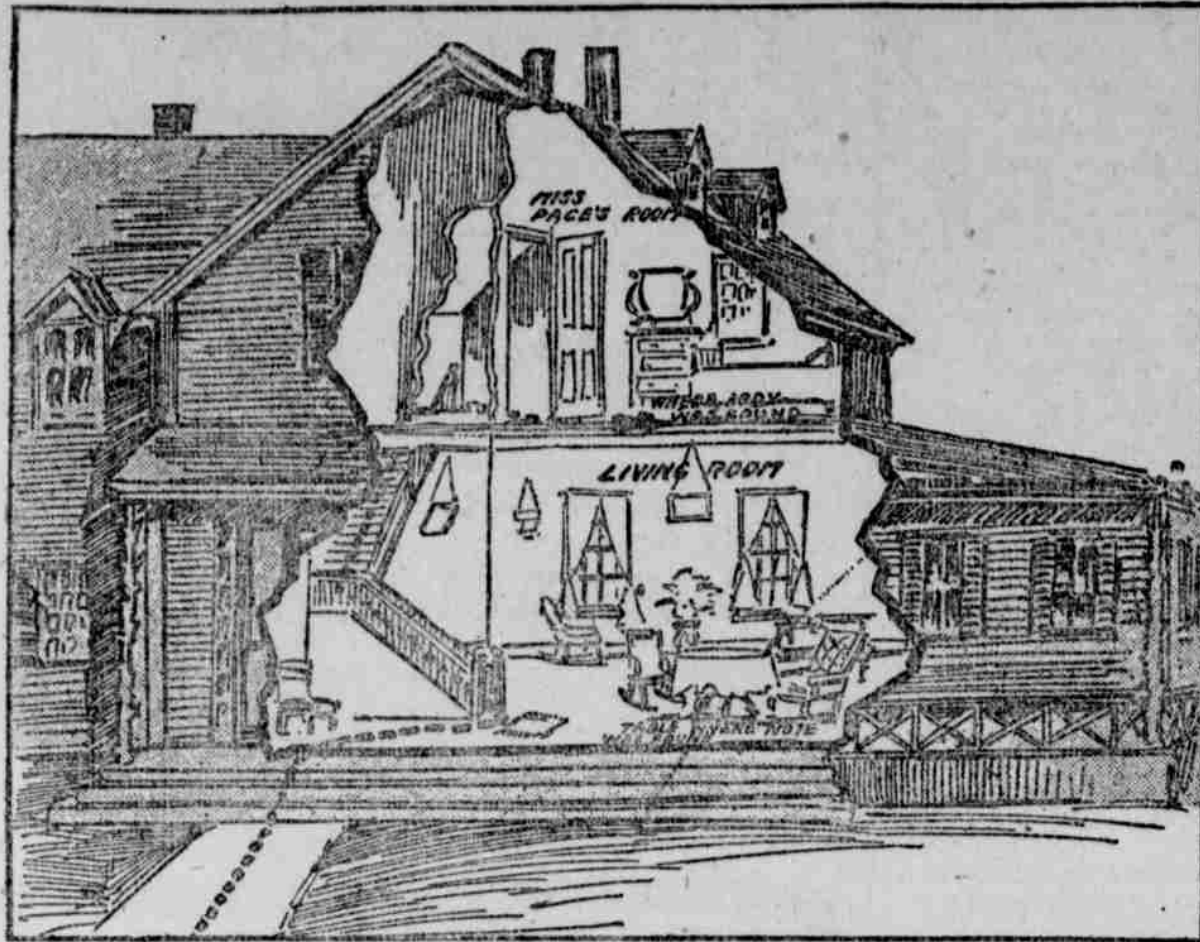


MURDER MYSTERY PROVING BAD TANGLE FOR POLICE OF MASSACHUSETTS TO UNRAVEL



THE PAGE HOUSE—DOTTED LINE SHOWS THE ROUTE THE MURDERER TOOK, ENTERING THE FRONT DOOR, GOING THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM AND UPSTAIRS TO MISS PAGE'S ROOM WHERE SHE WAS KILLED.

FACTS OF THE CRIME.

The murderer knew the home and the family thoroughly. There was no robbery, no assault and no apparent object in the murder.

The story of injury to the brother shows careful premeditation.

The mutilating slashes made after death shows that it was not the work of a hardened criminal.

No tracks, stains or clues of any sort have been found in the house.

Stabbed in the back with a great two-edged knife, that pierced her lungs, and slashed in the throat until her jugular vein was severed, to give the deed an appearance of suicide, and with eleven other terrible stabs and slashes, Miss Mabel Page, daughter of Edward Page, former millionaire of Boston, was most foully murdered in her father's home in Weston, Mass., March 31.

When her father returned to the home at 2.30 in the afternoon, after a trip to Boston, he found the house unlocked and this note on a table in the sitting room on the first floor: "Brother Harold has been injured and I have gone to the Massachusetts General Hospital to see him."

"Mabel," the aged father made a hurried search of the house, realizing his daughter would not have left the house unlocked. In her room he found her, lying full length upon the floor beside her bed, with arms outstretched, fully dressed for the street, even to hat and jacket, and he saw a terrible gash across her throat from ear to ear. Mr. Page thought his daughter had killed herself or attempted to do so, and he ran to the nearest house, half a mile away, to telephone for medical assistance.

There is not on record in the Commonwealth an instance of such a

cruel, brutal, unprovoked and terribly mysterious crime as this and the keenest wits of the State police and others are at work in vain for some clue, some slight thing upon which they may build a theory that will stand, but all to no purpose.

These are the wounds the undertaker found: A stab in the back that penetrated the left lung. This would have proved fatal, and it shows the murderer first struck the woman from behind. Then there was a stab in the center of her breast, just below her neck, that would have proved fatal, and shows the man struck a second blow as the woman fell. There are four wounds upon her right hand, showing where she put her hand to ward off the weapon.

In the throat were three slashes, one of which severed the jugular vein and half severed the head. The others were vicious deep slashes, apparently made to give an appearance of suicide, which only one in a murderous frenzy would be unwise enough to make. In the left side was a deep stab and in the right side of the abdomen were three stab wounds, all deep and all of which would have singly proved fatal.

In all, the brutal fiend who killed the defenseless woman, left alone in her father's home, delivered thirteen telling blows, and at least seven of them were wild, maniacal slashes of mutilation delivered after the woman was dead.

And yet, with all these wounds, the dead woman lay with her clothes on, in such a fashion that the father and two physicians failed to realize she had been murdered, as the throat slashes were all they could see. Remarkable in the extreme is the fact that there was not a cupful of blood upon the floor where the dead woman lay.

She bled internally, the physicians declared, which explains the extra-

ordinary absence of blood stains. The murderer so slashed and mutilated the body that internal bleeding was made possible and the blood flowed internally easier than it came from the thirteen wounds.

The woman apparently had been informed that her brother, who worked in Boston, had been injured in an accident, and taken to a hospital. She was preparing to leave at once for Boston when she met her death. A note written by her explaining that she was going to her brother's aid was found on a table. The brother, however, was found to be in good health.

STOOD ON HIS DIGNITY.

Patent Commissioner Has Exalted Opinion of Himself.

Patent Commissioner Allen is impressed with the dignity of his position. A few days ago a young man came into his office, took off his hat and said: "Mr. Allen, may I speak with you a moment?" Allen eyed the visitor coldly. "Sit down," he said, "and I will attend to you in a few minutes." Then he went out and talked with a representative or two and some other visitors. Finally he turned to the young man and said: "Come into my private office." Once there, Mr. Allen looked severely at the young man and said: "I observed when you came in that you called me 'Mr. Allen.' Do you know, sir, that I am the commissioner of patents for the United States?"

Enjoys Dancing at Ninety-six.

Mrs. Ann Randall of Langhorne, Pa., celebrated her ninety-sixth birthday by giving a party at which she danced several times in as lively a manner as anyone present. Among those at the ball were a daughter, five sons, twenty grandchildren and twenty-eight great-grandchildren.

MIGHT CALL HIM JACK.

Rear Admiral Walker's Quiet Rebuke Silenced Pert Youth.

Rear Admiral John G. Walker devotes more time to canal matters than to fashion plates and could hardly be called spick and span in the civilian clothes he wears at his work. A stranger would be far more likely to take Admiral Walker for a countryman than a retired army officer. His long whiskers are of the type so popular with rural dramas, and his rolling walk might well be taken for the movement acquired by following a plow.

A brusque young man in search of the canal commission encountered Admiral Walker in a corridor of the Corcoran building in Washington and asked pertly:

"Can you tell me where I will find Walker?"

"Yes," Admiral Walker replied. "Just come with me."

The dapper young fellow followed Admiral Walker into his office. The Admiral took a seat behind his desk and invited the young man to sit down.

"Well, what can I do for you?" Admiral Walker asked of the young man, who began to squirm uneasily in his chair.

"I am Walker," the Admiral continued. "John G. Walker is my full name, but you might call me Jack for short."

Unable to summon up enough voice to apologize, the young fellow rushed out of the office without saying a word.—New York News.

Precious Stones in This Country.

"It is a little strange," said Irving L. Russell, "that the United States, so far ahead in national resources of every other part of the globe in all essential things, should be so deficient as a producer of precious stones. I am of the opinion that there will be a big discovery some day of the most valued gems, probably in some out-of-the-way corner of the land."

"I do not mean to intimate that we are exactly destitute of fine stones, but that those found are mostly of inferior quality as compared with the output of the old mines. In North Carolina a good many emeralds and rubies and sapphires are to be had, but they are not of sufficient value to warrant cutting. Some very fine pearls have been taken out of the shells picked up in the streams of Arkansas, and at one time the search for them down there amounted to a craze. Pearls, by the way, have gone up in price from 200 to 300 per cent in recent years."

"A great many semi-precious stones are mined in California, the turquoise found out there being especially beautiful, but lacking in hardness. Tourmalines also come from California in abundance."—Washington Post.

Caught Alligator With a Fishline.

While deer, duck and quail shooting have been better this season in the neighborhood of Titusville than in several years, Rockledge, Stuart and a few other places seem to have the expert fishermen. But it takes a Merritt fisherman to catch alligators. We are told that a few days ago a seven-foot alligator was caught with a fishline. The line was set and baited with a mullet, for trout. The alligator took the bait and the hook fastened itself in his throat. Had the line been a rope or chain it would have been twisted apart or the hook torn out. The alligator tried himself out and was easily taken by slipping a rope over his nose, securing his flippers, and towing him ashore, where he was killed with an axe.—East Coast Advocate (Titusville, Fla.).

Secular Sunday School.

In England and America the term "Sunday-school" has a definite meaning, and is exclusively used to denote a place of religious teaching. In Germany, however, the race for commercial supremacy has led to the establishment of Sunday-schools at which mechanics are given practical instruction in their trades. There is, for example, a school for masons, at which the students, many of them mechanics who work during the week, spend several hours on Sunday morning in learning the higher branches of their craft. Similarly there are Sunday-schools for tailors, ironmongers, bookbinders, and followers of other trades—even barbers and blacksmiths.

Good-Bye.

Two whispered words—"Good-bye! Forgive!" Her dull brain throbbed to them. And thoughts came crowding thick and fast. Of love and where, and when They two might meet again.

Good-bye! Her quickened heartbeats tell Of nerves not made of steel. Yet still and cold she stands, No word, no look! Well, tears best that they so parted. For lying tongues had broken faith and trust.

Good-bye! Forgiving eyes sought hers. That only sought the ground. A moment's pause, in which a heart's life passed away. And then retreating footsteps fell upon her ear.

A closing door, a woman's sob, And she was becom'less Upon a sea of pride and doubt, Good-bye forevermore!

Sees Evils in Overstudy.

Henry R. Edmunds, president of the Philadelphia board of education, says half the public school pupils of that city are suffering from ill brought on by overstudy. The principal evils resulting, he says, are nervous affections and defective eyesight, both largely traceable to excessive home study and the crowding of too many branches into the elementary grades. He champions the abolition of afternoon classes and the wiping out of all home study.



God Never Fails.

The dearest things in this fair world must change; Thy senses hurry on to sure decay; Thy strength will fail, the pain seem no more strange. While love more feebly cheers the misty way. What then remains above the task of living? Is there no crown where that rude cross hath pressed? Yes, God remains, his own high glory giving To light thy lonely path, to make it best.

Yea, God remains, though suns are daily dying. A gracious God, who marks the sparrow's fall; He listens while thy aching heart is sighing; He hears and answers when his children call; His love shall fill the void when death assails. The one, eternal God, who never fails.—W. O. Partridge.

Christ's Remedy for Despair.

All things are delivered unto me of my father. Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.—Matthew, xi, 27-30.

The most pitiful of all life's dark facts is despair. No bodily distemper is so dangerous, no worldly state so terrible, no other mood so tragic. These are but the contributing cause, but despair is the culmination of all life's ills.

And the Lord hath a remedy for this, too. The Great Physician is come to heal humanity—to cure hate and evil and terror and despair. As man lost body and estate by the ills of his spirit, God will restore these, too, by healing his spirit.

His proposition, in the tender form of an invitation, commends itself to us by its frankness. Notice He does not deny or ridicule the fact of our yoke and burden, our labor and heavy load. These all He recognizes most compassionately and the divine remedy makes no attempt to blot them out. Labor and subjection are blessings to the redeemed man.

How, then, will He cure despair? By changing the yoke and shifting the burden. He would emphasize the fact that they become His—"My yoke," "my burden."

It is soul fatigue, spirit exhaustion that brings despair, and therefore He promises, "Ye shall find rest unto your souls." When a man turns about and shifts his attitude and viewpoint, becomes conformed to the divine will and purposes and plans, fears naught but God, seeks naught but good and thinks not of himself first, but of others, and rejoices not so much in this as in the life to come, then is he born again and is healed of all despair. But all this presupposes faith in the Christ, subjection to God and trust in His promises. Leaning on the everlasting arms, the restored soul bravely chants:

I know not where God's love do lift Their fringed palms in air; I only know I cannot drift Beyond His love and care.

The Redeemer calls this restoration a gift because the elements that make up the remedy are imparted by Him. Undoubtedly our burden is light when conscience approves; when it is borne in love; when the employment is something we like to do and we are doing it our best; when the large ambitions of the heart and the great aspirations of the soul and mighty purposes of the mind make cares appear light and our load slight. Yet beyond all this strength is the help of the Heavenly Spirit. "The Spirit helpeth our infirmities." I suppose we may speak of this as the spiritual presence of God standing by us, assisting and leading us on. Oh, if we can get firm hold of this notion and such a trust I am persuaded there is nothing can crush us! Faith and hope and love are the supreme gifts of God that rejuvenate the spirit of man and make life worth the living. So, when my heart is torn with the cry of human misery, the black madness of my poor fellow creatures, and I am all helpless to comfort or to rescue them, I can joyfully bless the Father of us all that there is "balm in Gilead" and a healer who knows all, loves all, heals all and carries the burdens of the groaning race.

Oh! the blessed promise given on the hills of Galilee To the weary, heavy-laden, still is made to you and me. Many a heart has thrilled to hear it, Many a tear been wiped away. Many a load of sin been lifted, many a midnight turned to day; Many a broken, contrite spirit, lonely, sorrowing and sad, Felt the mighty consolation, heard the heavenly tidings glad, And the dying gaze with rapture, trusting in the Savior's name, On the land of rest and refuge when the Burden-Bearer came.

Every phase of human sorrow fills the path we tread to-day; Harps are hanging on the willows—souls are fainting by the way— But there still is balm in Gilead, and though here on earth we weep, God within the many mansions giveth On the cloud His rainbow glitters—shines the star of faith above— God will not forsake or leave us, let us trust His truth and love, And beyond the shining river we shall bless His holy name, That to bear our sins and sorrows Christ, the Burden-Bearer, came. —J. C. Wright.

Grow Old and Make Progress.

It is possible to grow old and at the same time grow toward an endless life of future progress.

The fallen leaf rises into new combinations, and lives in these in after years. Its embodied strength, as it exists in the wood of the tree, marches out to serve human life in every structure into which wood is built. This is a symbol of what the life of the seeing man may be. He has a future. The life behind him lives in institutions, and his on-going soul enters into the higher scenes of the higher

life. The beauty and glory of a dawn such as never empurpled our horizon breaks upon his emancipated soul.

We bless God that among the possibilities of humanity is a grand old age. Old men have blessed the world in all generations. Nestor was old; Solon was old; Aristotle was old; Lycurgus was old; Seneca was old. Thus it was in the secular world. In the religious world it has been the same—old men have blessed the world. The aged Caleb fought the battles of the Lord in the land of the giants; the aged Abraham offered the prayer that held the storm-cloud in mid-air until Lot escaped from the doomed cities; the aged Paul carried the Gospel to the ends of the earth; and the aged John wrote the Apocalypse, by means of which we men of the twentieth century receive our highest conceptions of Heaven.—Dr. Gregg.

Look Ahead.

There is glory for the time to come. A great many people seem to forget that the best is before us. Dr. Bonar once said that everything before the true believer is "glorious." This thought took hold of my soul and I began to look the matter up and see what I could find in Scripture that was glorious hereafter. I found that the Kingdom we are going to inherit is glorious! Our crown is to be a "crown of glory;" the city we are going to inhabit is the city of the glorified; the songs we are to sing are the songs of the glorified; we are to wear garments of "glory and beauty;" our society will be the society of the glorified; our rest is to be "glorious;" the country to which we are going is to be full of "the glory of God and of the Lamb."

There are many who are always looking on the backward path and mourning over the troubles through which they have passed; they keep luging up the cares and anxieties they have been called on to bear and are forever looking at them. Why should we go reeling and staggering under the burdens and cares of life when we have such glorious prospects before us?—D. L. Moody.

"How Much Do You Wish It?"

Have you ever said: "I wish I had a more cheerful disposition?" How much do you wish it? Enough to dispose yourself so as to be in the way of getting it? Your words are idle and sinful unless you will to have it, instead of wishing to have it. You are not responsible for the disposition you were born with, but you are responsible for the one you have today. And you have no business to bewail your "bad disposition" while doing nothing to improve it. Everything you carelessly or seriously purpose to do affects what you are disposed to do. You are disposed to look on the dark side, borrow trouble, and say discouraging things. Suppose you earnestly purposes for one week to look for pleasant things, and speak of them, and never speak of what you dread or do not like. You will be more cheerful and hopefully disposed at the end of the week, and you know it. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." It is your duty—your business in life—to work up out of your evil environments, whatever they may chance to be.

What is Happiness?

Happiness is the greatest paradox in nature. It can grow in any soil, live under any conditions. It defies environment. It comes from within. It is the revelation of the depths of the inner life as light and heat proclaim the sun from which they radiate. Happiness consists not of having, but of being; not of possessing, but of enjoying. It is the warm glow of a heart at peace within itself. A martyr at the stake may have happiness that a king on his throne might envy. Man is the creator of his own happiness; it is the aroma of a life lived in harmony with high ideals. For what a man has he may be dependent upon others; what he rests with him alone. What he obtains in life is but acquisition; what he attains is growth. Happiness is the soul's joy in the possession of the intangible.—William George Jordan.

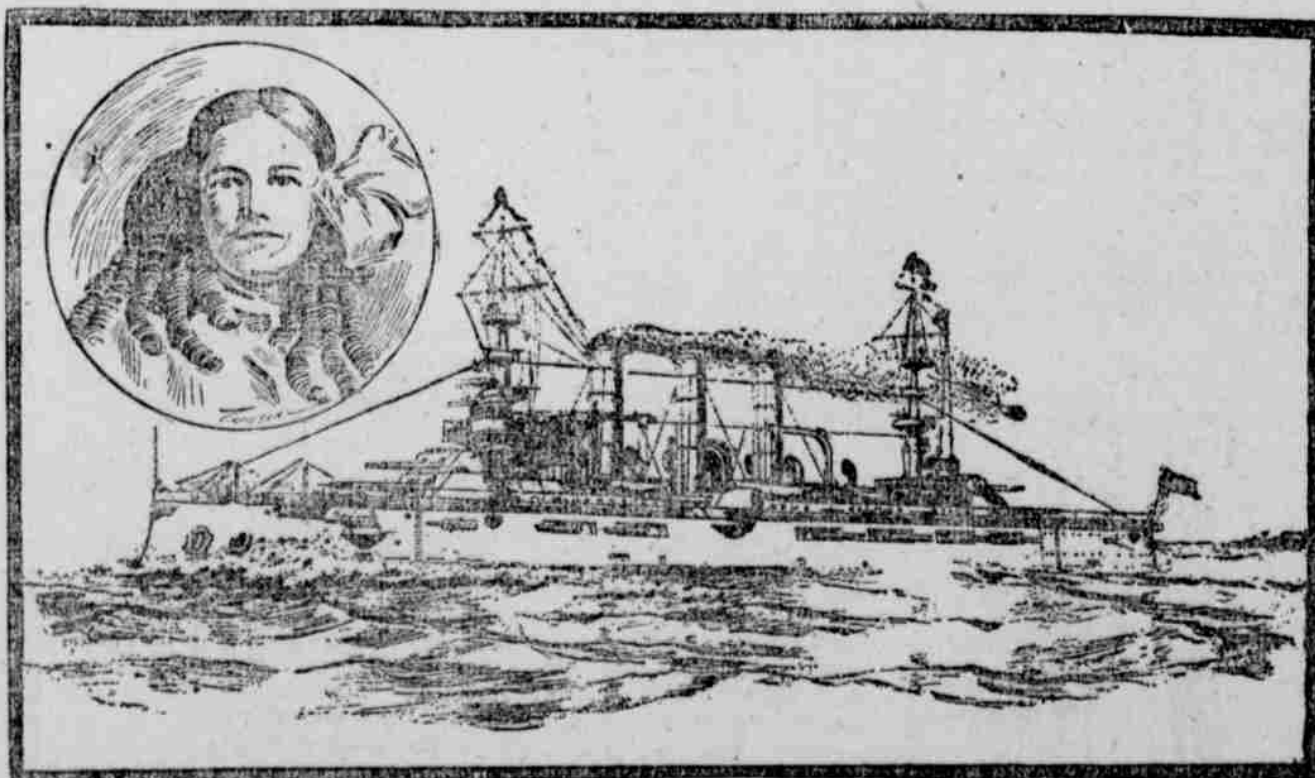
The Path of Duty.

The truth is, for the performance of every duty commanded by our Lord, somebody is specially gifted and prepared. When the time came to give the Gospel to the Gentiles, and the Lord needed a man for the work, he called and qualified Saul and Tarsus, and sent him out. So it has ever been in the church; so it will ever be. All men have to do is to hold themselves in readiness and obey the voice of the Spirit. In some way the path of duty will be made plain. Wee to the man who knows his duty and fails to do it. Wee to the man who wastes his Lord's goods, or wraps them in a napkin, and puts them where they will do no good.

The Highest Joy.

He who is useful in leading others to life and safety receives the reward or wages of a heavenly joy, the highest and sweetest that ever comes into human hearts. There comes a gladness of soul, a sense of fellowship with Jesus Christ, a realization of having been a co-worker with God himself in saving a human soul. There comes a growth in grace, a new power with God and men.

THE VIRGINIA AND HER SPONSOR



The battleship Virginia was launched in Newport News, Virginia, April 6. Miss Matilda Gay Montague, daughter of the Governor of Virginia, officiated as sponsor at the launching.

The Virginia is the most recently designed battleship of the United States navy, and embodies the highest ingenuity and maturest experience of naval experts. She is the first of five

battleships that are being built on the one model. In the group is shown a picture of the ship, as she will appear when completed, and one of Miss Montague.

Prof. Haeckel is Modest.

To escape onerous congratulations on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, Prof. Ernst Haeckel has been spending the winter at Rapallo, in the French Riviera. He is as active as a man of 40. In a recent letter Haeckel protests against being called a savant. Germany, he says, "is full of professors who are more learned, who have read more books than I have. My lifelong aim has been particularly to study one big book—nature."

Making Carpets in India.

The finest carpets in India are produced at Amritsar, and between 4,000 and 5,000 people are engaged in their manufacture. These operators are not collected in factories as with us, but work in their own homes. The looms are usually set up in the doorways, through which the only light can enter the houses, and as you pass up and down the streets you see women and men, even children, at work at the looms, for every member of the family takes a turn.

Two Eyes Not Needed.

It is said that "Si" Basch of Savannah, Ga., a typical sportsman of the old-time south, may visit some of the Chicago race tracks this summer. Basch lost an eye years ago, but he says he does not feel his loss much. "You see," he explains whimsically, "it is so easy to pick winners nowadays that I don't need two eyes." He is said to have left his mark among the bookmakers at Benning track, Washington, having been remarkably successful.